

HILL (R)

LECTURE

ON THE

Preservation of Health,

AND HOW TO AVOID THE

DIPHThERIA AND ALL DISEASES OF  
THE THROAT AND LUNGS:

ALSO,

NINE TENTHS OF THE FEVERS OF OUR COUNTRY,

WITHOUT

THE USE OF MEDICINE.

BY

REUBEN HILL.

Go, faithful messenger, and proclaim  
Glad tidings to a suffering world.

That your mission maybe as effectual among the "Faculty," as  
Sherman's among the Rebels, is the prayer of the AUTHOR.

CINCINNATI:

PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR.

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J. R. G. T. G. R. E.

OF THE

# Prescription of Health

THE NEW YORK

DIPHTHERIA AND ALL DEFORMS OF  
THE THROAT AND LUNGS

AND

THE TREATMENT OF THE DISEASE OF THE

OF THE

THE USE OF MEDICINE

BY

WILLIAM HILL

OF THE NEW YORK

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# LECTURE.

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THE SUBJECT FOR THIS EVENING'S CONSIDERATION IS THE

PRESERVATION OF HEALTH,

AND

How to avoid the Diphtheria and all Diseases of the Throat and Lungs: also, more than nine-tenths of the Fevers of our country.

## PROLOGUE.

Books have a preface; and this question calls for a prefatory remark or a prologue: not to influence the hearer to receive some new specific just imported from Sweden or Mexico; but, only to say how it chanced that the speaker is before you.

Years of experience and study upon the cause of disease, had made the question as plain as circumstantial evidence could render it. The sun could not paint a landscape more correctly, than observation had delineated the cause, beginning and progress of these several diseases. When the last lingering doubt had flown, and my discovery was complete, I felt it my duty to tell it to one or more doctors. Will they not be most happy to herald the good news to a suffering world, and relieve me from further care?

The first doctor heard me quietly, and said:

"There is nothing in print of your idea." Then turning upon his heel, I was alone.

The second doctor was all aglow with this Truth. Presently a shade came over his countenance, when he said:

"I must decline being your apostle."

Before I close, you will learn his reason for this reply was, that where he was accustomed to make forty or fifty visits in a year, one visit, with the knowledge he could now impart, would be sufficient during his life. This was too powerful an argument for frail humanity.

I believe that the third doctor whom I met was a Christian (all ought to be good Christians). He received me joyfully.

"This," said he, "is just what would have been learned ages ago, if one had thought of it. To the world its value will be beyond price. I leave in the morning for Washington, where I spend the winter. You will expect no doctor to proclaim your discovery (I am out of that business now), nor need any influence from the faculty."

"There's a divinity that shapes our fortunes;  
Rough, hew them as we will."

The interview with the last doctor presented the subject in a new light. It was not a question of dollars, nor could its importance be measured by broad acres. More than 10,000 Americans will continue annually to find an untimely grave, because no one will tell them of the easy mode to preserve health, unless like the tenth leper, I become the messenger of good news.

Does one in sympathy for the "Faculty" ask, "How is it that you claim to know more than the doctors have found out?"

I claim nothing which another might not as freely have obtained, if he had rightly sought for it. Nor is it likely that I should have acquired the information, had not circumstances compelled investigation.

If I had felt it my duty to amuse the hearer, by showing people how much an animal man may become, when he has no aspiration for the intellectual and the spiritual, I might readily have devoted myself to the task without that mortal fear of persecution which will come from a popular class in our midst. I am called to no such sphere of action. My mission is to gain the attention and address the understanding of even the most enlightened; entreating all to give the attention commensurate with their desire for vigorous health and length of days. Those who have, or intend to have families, will be the most interested, my hope being more to benefit the young, and save children.

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**UNTIL FALSE THEORIES ARE REMOVED AND ERRORS CORRECTED,  
THE MIND CAN NOT RECEIVE TRUTHS.**

The task before us is large. I must in one lecture do what would require six or eight evenings to say, were I to stay to round every period; or, to do justice to a theme of so much importance. The field we have to explore is new. We shall find no station-house where a generous host will give us welcome; but we shall meet a plenty of bipeds, more the objects of pity than scorn; who will jeer us at the

start, because they do not exercise reason. We shall find no paved streets, over which to drive. The land is now incumbered by an immense amount of old logs and underbrush, which we will endeavor to remove in the most expeditious and quiet manner. We hope then to find an excellent place for a road, which I trust will shortly be well traveled. You will not ask me to stay to smooth the way; but hasten on to the point for which we have started. At the end of our journey, if we find a happy land, you will excuse the rugged way, or mend the road at your leisure.

"Health," says Sir William Temple, when speaking of the goods of life, "is the greatest possession." Every person will allow that it is a jewel above price. Is it possible there are lads or lasses present who have not yet taken an estimate of its value, and in a thoughtless moment, are willing to barter off this gem of wealth for a fancied joy, or an innocent pleasure? Before they make the exchange, I pray they will see those unfortunates who suffer from rheumatism, the neuralgia, a pained head, or a lame side, and ask them, "Was the brief pleasure, the festive throng, or lovely rides any compensation for those days of pain, this life of anguish?"

"Ah, no!" will be the answer. "As soon sell the bright sun for a dime, as my good health for those fugitive joys. They quickly passed, to leave us a painful existence."

#### PAIN AND SICKNESS ARE THE RESULT OF INDISCRETION AND FOLLY.

Whilst enduring great pain from the rheumatism, when a lad, I obtained slight comfort by saying: "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every one who serveth him." (You perceive I did not read that according to copy, as the printer would say). A thoughtless youth, in pursuit only of present gratification, made poor show of serving the Lord, I reckon. In truth, I have learned that when one is moved by selfish motives only, without a thought, and with no desire to benefit community, he serves that *other gentleman* faster than he does the Lord. If he endures pain, it is given him in mercy, that he may be withheld from greater evils in the future.

As we are the architects of our own fortunes, so do we retain our valuable inheritance of health, or induce upon ourselves the diseases which are the results of folly, or the consequences of carelessness. True, there is much sickness and great pain endured by many: and true it is, that the many have lived, perhaps for years, trespassing against the laws of health; and now they have to endure the effect of that



wrong; paying penance daily for their imprudence. It may be said, that some "unfortunates" never had health to retain. Ushered into the world by sickly parents, they have but a diseased life, be it long or be it short. Objects of our commiseration; by whom we are taught that most beautiful and good law of our existence: that "like begets like." Banish that law, and we might as reasonably expect other classes of beings for our offspring.

#### **WE WERE NOT CREATED FOR SICKNESS, BUT HEALTH AND USEFULNESS**

Sickness is not a necessity, a thing that must be endured, however well we act our part. It was not the design of our beneficent Creator that man should spend his days upon this earth in a state so much enfeebled by disease that he can not benefit the community, and be of use to himself. The great secret of happiness is use. Friends, wealth, kingdoms, can not purchase happiness for one unacquainted with this secret. Use, is the sonnet sung by every blade of grass, every grain of wheat, and every flower of the field. The lovely waterfall sings use, while the summer cloud resounds the note ubiquitous use. Is happiness your object, end and aim? Then preserve your health, and study use.

This is a very different sentiment from that early impressed upon my mind: and others may have been taught, also, that sickness is a necessity.

#### **THE DOCTORS ARE TO BE INQUIRED AFTER.**

Our subject is so intimately connected with the doctors' avocation that we shall be compelled to make some kind inquiries as to their capacity to fill their position. Are they competent to the sphere which they occupy; and have they no need of more extended knowledge and philosophical principles? Have they an infallible rule by which to be guided; or, do they prescribe by guess and practice for experiment?

One may, in great sympathy for the faculty, ask: "How did I come by the right to talk of doctors, or claim to know what is not in their books, more even than they have found out?" I have the inalienable right to make inquiries after public men; and yet, I claim no inspiration, nor to have obtained any knowledge which they ought not to have gained centuries ago. I claim no more than any other might have learned by study and experience; if rightly directed. If I can not tell you the few truths which I have learned, in the most ornate style, they shall be related as facts; received truths. Though homely clad, truth is ever a friend to health



and happiness. If pursued, truth is easily obtained; if invitingly courted, she will fly to our outstretched arms, and nestle in our bosoms, like a pet dove.

LONG AGO THE PRIESTS WERE THE ONLY DOCTORS; TO-DAY THE INTERESTS OF THE CLERGYMEN COALESCE WITH THE DOCTORS.

I will here premise some other remarks, that I shall be compelled to make. Long ago, the doctor and the priest were one. The cure of the soul and the body was all in the hands of the priests. Another class relieved the priests of a part of their care: yet, leaving their revenue intact, each party co-operating with the other in subsisting upon the common people. In this land of light and liberty, the clergyman, following the works of the doctors, is careful to tell the "Mourners" that,

"THE DOCTOR HAS DONE HIS DUTY.

God has taken your son from your 'counting-room' to the abode of the blest."

When my mind first began to be exercised upon the laws of health, while conversing with a friend, he remarked: "It is wicked to be sick." A gentleman, with a white cravat, sitting by, instantly replied: "No, it aint. Sickness is the doom of all" (this is a nice plum for the doctors), "for the great sin of old Mother Eve. The enormity of her offense was so great that even the garden of Eden was sunk in the deluge; to indicate the degree of her crime."

Sir, I remarked, that is a pleasing story to the unthoughtful; and the doctrine connected with it is very agreeable to those who love sin, and dislike its pay. All their evils they charge to old Mother Eve, and all of their good, which is necessary to obtain Eternal Life, resides in Christ, which at some day he will parcel out to each individual, and it will be imputed to them in quantity, not "according to the deeds done in the body," but according to the amount of their faith. If you could know that our Creator is a God of love, who does not desire even the death of the wicked, you might seek for a doctrine that had some reasonable foundation, and not have recourse to such an absurd dogma for the chief corner stone. Did you ever think of it? Does it look consistent? Unless God was bent upon making a bad job of it, he would not venture to hang the destiny of untold billions upon one act of an inexperienced young lady, Mrs. Eve. Not old Mother Eve, as you are pleased to call her. She was a mere infant, of a few days; had never traveled, and was

destitute of lady associates, when, unfortunately, she saw a golden sweet pippin, russet, or some other choice apple. What young lady, just blushing into womanhood, and having no experienced mother to counsel her steps, would withhold her hand from the tempting fruit? How delicious does an apple taste in May! You know that that accident happened in the spring of the year: and so for that act of the motherless, the ground consecrated by the footsteps of the Lord, must be sunk in the deluge!

My friend would not entertain reason, because it disturbed his creed. He has yet to learn that anything unphilosophical is untrue.

When people get to study the Bible for themselves, they will learn that it is not by paying priests, nor by *feeling* very bad, and then *feeling* very good, and shouting, that we purchase Eternal Life. All this will not be recognized in that Great Day! Our works bring joy,—or—lasting—woe!

#### MAN SHOULD BE HIS OWN DOCTOR, LAWYER AND PRIEST.

Since I became disenthralled from the reign of doctors and bigotry, long years ago, experience and reflection have been my schoolmasters; they have most kindly taught me that each one should be his own doctor, his own lawyer, and, yes—say his own prayers. Those who will pray by proxy, and believe at second-hand, may unfortunately populate heaven in the same style! When I say, be his own doctor, do not, I entreat, think that I would have you study the science of taking drugs, nor try how much blood you can spare. No, but study to keep your health, and let doctors try their experiments upon poisoning crows and bleeding hogs.

#### THERE ARE MANY WAYS IN WHICH PEOPLE RUIN THEIR HEALTH.

There are many ways by which people invite pain, and afflict themselves with disease. By a large class this is done by a “fast life,” high living. Too much and too highly-seasoned food will derange the stomach, get the system out of order, and render one liable to take cold. The cure for a cold is very simple, very easy: but one will say, “’T is only a slight cold, I’ll be well to-morrow.” After passing the time in that condition a few days, the head is affected, the breathing is somewhat obstructed, and the appetite is gone.

#### A CALOMEL DOCTOR PAINTED LIFE SIZE.

The friends begin to be alarmed for the man with only a slight cold, and send for a doctor. The doctor comes, feels

the pulse, looks grum, purses his lips, shakes his head, and would make believe that all knowledge is under his hat. As this is the first doctor we have met, shall we pause, the more fully to realize the presence of this visitor? I will borrow a pencil from the Bard of Avon, to present the calomel doctor in life size. The bard says,

“There are a sort of men whose visages  
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond;  
And do a willful stillness entertain,  
With purpose to be dressed in an opinion  
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit.  
As who should say, I am Sir Oracle,  
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!”

#### THE STUDY OF SURGERY AND COUNTING BONES DOES NOT QUALIFY A MAN TO GIVE MEDICINES.

Having surveyed this picture, I will say that there is a wide difference between “ability” to count the beams, posts and rafters in a house, and “intelligence” which can cook a dinner. The distance between the ability to count bones and give medicine is as wide as between the carpenter and the cook.

When the doctor had made a sufficient display of self, if he would prescribe a simple remedy, his patient might soon regain his health. This is not the case, and a fever is sure to attend the doctor, and usually a hearse follows in the train.

We are told that the consumption, diphtheria, fevers, and many other diseases, originate in colds. Is it not a marvel that no one has ever told us how easy it is to get rid of a cold, without the use of medicine, and in every case avoid all of those diseases!

#### NINE-TENTHS OF THE COMMUNITY HAVE LOST THEIR HEALTH:

There may be no person who has not been more or less afflicted with a cold, and, as a consequence, seven out of every eight, whom you pass, yes, nine-tenths that you meet, have lost the rosy cheek; the ruddy expression of youth is exchanged for a sombre, cadaverous hue, and half the time is accompanied by a hacking, or, as one gentleman termed it, by “a short cough.” After losing their health from the effects of a cold, men may be able for years to look after their business, and *see* the joys, the pleasures of life; but they must *ever* be *strangers* to the delights of existence. The vim of youth, the ecstasy of their life has gone, and scarcely can be recalled even momentarily. Those persons can as readily recall their lost health, as a misspent day. When it has once rolled into the great eternity of the past, you may



call in vain for the precious moments—they return never! This is why my hope is for the young, when I may do adults little good.

*How came this loss? What was the cause? And how to avoid it, is the study for this evening.*

If we find it is unavoidable, and that nine-tenths of mankind must necessarily lose their health whilst at school, or soon after commencing business, our time this evening will have been misspent, and people must still remain under the illusion that sickness is a fatality, and the loss of health pertains to "foreordination and predestination." (By the way, that doctrine was invented without the aid of inspiration, and is a very efficient agent for the gentleman below.) Having discarded many dogmas, I propose to leave fatalism in Bunyan's "Slough of Despond," or in sight of a noble Truth, as Christian's burden fell, so let fatalism tumble into oblivion. In looking for a noble truth, if we are permitted to find a bright, beautiful path, shaded with evergreens, leading us in health to mature years of useful enjoyment, we will call these moments profitably passed, and mark them an era in our existence, to which in after years we may fondly revert, as a guide which saved us from disease, and directed to a vigorous old age.

#### HOW TO PRESERVE HEALTH NOT LEARNED FROM DOCTORS' BOOKS.

Through the immense number of medical books you may search in vain to learn how to retain your health. If, then, I refer to no standard author as a guide for the remarks of this evening, please not repel the thoughts which may be offered, before your leisure moments allow time for a revisal. If, fortunately, you find some grains of wheat mixed with the chaff, give them ample room in your storehouse, until calm reflection shows their propriety. Neither do we propose to speak of some new specific by which one disease, or all diseases, may be cured. We hope to find a more beautiful way, and save health and lives too, by avoiding fevers, and all diseases which originate from a cold. As every one is supposed to be in the pursuit of happiness, will you not esteem it a favor to be told how to secure your pleasure, by avoiding the cause which leads to ill health or an untimely grave?

#### DR. FRANKLIN TAUGHT THE USE OF THE LIGHTNING ROD.

It was a mechanic, of whom we all are proud, who played with the thunderbolts of heaven, and taught the forked

lightning to pass harmlessly over our roofs ; bestowing untold good upon coming generations. If we may learn how to let all of these to pass our doors, you will not reckon this as mis-spent time. With diseases of the throat I include the diphtheria too, which has clothed whole towns in mourning, sweeping off relatives so entirely there was scarcely left a kindred to weep their untimely end.

#### WHY DOCTORS HAVE NOT TAUGHT THE SECRET.

I desire to disturb the feelings of no one, nor to say an unkind thing of any doctor.

"For Brutus is an honorable man ;  
So are they all, all honorable men."

If this can be done, will you ask, "Why have not some of our profound doctors revealed the secret?"

This is easily answered. They did not find it laid down in their books. None have dared to be "wise above what was written." If one had chanced to think and dared to tell this secret, the whole pack of "Esculapians," who never had one philosophical thought in all their lives, would hound his steps with as much ire as the papists did Galileo, for teaching the science of astronomy, and John Rogers, because he did not believe that the Pope could shut the gate of Heaven against a follower and a true worshiper of Jehovah, our Saviour.

Meet a doctor in the morning, and ask some questions of this lecture, see him shake his head, look wondrous wise, point the finger of scorn, and say, "O 't is a bad state of things. 'Times are out of joint,' for a poor mechanic to think that he can teach us doctors ! He is insane, or he would spend no time to investigate things out of his line. Beware ! or you will be ruined by his quackery."

As I desire you to take no medicine, I will not trespass extensively upon their drugs. They have no argument to meet me, and no weapon but that insinulative language. Will this prevent you from thinking ? My labor is then in vain.

#### UNAIDED BY COMMON SENSE, OR PHILOSOPHICAL PRINCIPLES, THE SEARCH IS VAIN.

If any doctor had sought for these Truths, he has no philosophical principles to lead the way. No science to guide his steps. His search would have been by experiments, to learn how soon after the cold was taken, or what time in the day, to give calomel and make it a sure thing.

Is not this reason enough why, until the present time, no investigation has been made of the cause of all those mala-

dies? Shall I tell another reason more potent still? Suppose a young doctor had lived who, without leaning wholly upon books, should study the *cause* of disease. If he takes the first thought correctly, the way is clear before him; and the conclusion is a positive fact. He will then marvel that the secret was not learned ages ago. Our doctor would then be capable of doing a great good in the world. Let him set up business in a country town, and, like a good apostle, tell the people that most simple, and yet most beautiful way in which to increase their present happiness, by avoiding the cause of more than nine-tenths of the diseases now so fatal. The people would be pleased with the knowledge so freely imparted, and thank him most kindly. A healthful community (for when this is known every one will observe it, because it deprives one of no joy, while it contributes to their present pleasure) having small need of a doctor, would give our philanthropist plenty leisure to tend his fire and dust out his office; until want compelled him to seek another vocation for a subsistence. In vain will you wait to hear a doctor tell you this secret. It is not in their line to tell how to avoid sickness; but don't they like to meet those who have lost their health?

#### THE FAMILY PHYSICIAN MUST BE EXCEPTED.

It is quite possible one person may be present who has his "family physician," to think, to do, to act for him. He is quite ready to allow my just remarks, if applied to other doctors. His doctor has attended on his family until half of them are in their graves, and those remaining can never again see a well day. If I will except his doctor, he will like to hear me; but it is cruel slander to intimate that he can err. It seems that the doctor's work has been very effectual, and is highly appreciated by my friend, and to retain my hearer, and render his seat as easy as possible, I will except his doctor—and speak only of other people's doctors.

#### THE HOMEOPATHISTS NOT EXCEPTED.

Another gentleman may say that my remark was very appropos to all of the old school doctors, but I must come not nigh the Homeopathists; they are his choice, and are sainted in his mind. If you will allow, I will say that these compare with the Allopathists as do the Puseyites with the Church of England, and their saintships should be enshrined with daggers, not stars. They deal in small doses of the most active poisons.



Every day's observation teaches me how the community is enthralled by professional gentlemen; when recollecting that the writer was once equally enslaved, with the poet I exclaim :

“ Poor race of men, said the pitying spirit,  
Dearly ye pay for your primal fall.  
Some flowerets of Eden ye do still inherit,  
But the trail of the serpent is over them all.”

#### DOCTORS WORK BY GUESS.

Long years of acquaintance with the faculty has taught me that the doctors have no system by which to be guided. They have no “square rule” to hit the work every time. Therefore, their practice is all by guess. If there is a choice in them, it is the one who guesses nearest the mark.

Were I to make other exceptions, it would be in favor of the ladies. Many good women have made themselves useful, in their respective neighborhoods, by the use of medicine, which God has made for the unfortunate. Those women have a system, a rule to guide their acts to an effectual benefit.

#### DR. SAMUEL THOMPSON.

A man in mass, was an exception to the mass of doctors. I have said that doctors never go beyond what is in print. I will now tell you of one who did go beyond the book. Indeed, the books had little to do with him. These teach how much calomel a man can take and live (not to enjoy health after), and how much blood the doctor can take and the man not die. When a lad, Samuel Thompson began the study of medicine: the qualities of herbs, and their effects upon the system. Those, if any present who are acquainted with his works, will say that Dr. S. T. was the first man to take a philosophical, common sense view of the economy of the human system. He learned that pain, and even fevers, were friends to the sick man; acting as barometers, to indicate the nature and violence of the disease. He acted upon the principle that heat causes the flowers to grow, heat fills the barns with grain, heat fills the rivers with water, and heat moves the world; therefore, heat is life. Cold is the opposite of heat and life. With his patients, he would cherish nature's friend, “heat,” remove the cause of the disease, and health was restored. Dr. Thompson would give poison to his patients no sooner than he would turn his cows into his cornfield, or pigs into his garden.

**WHY PEOPLE DO NOT RECEIVED SIMPLE, COMMON SENSE TRUTHS.**

Why has not the community caught up those great but simple truths, and acted like rational beings? I'll tell you why. From infancy to old age, the idea is impressed upon the mind of the people, that the knowledge of medicine, and how to avoid the need of it, was locked up in the brains of those doctors who "do a willful stillness entertain," or purse their lips and talk Latin. And for a common person to learn the cause of disease, and the remedy for a cure, was as wicked as to doubt the doctrine of "predestination." Any attempt to avoid, or to cure disease, would frustrate the purpose of their god (I use the small *g*), whose wrath would send a sudden death, or worse, a lingering sickness upon the impious offender, *i. e.*, the patient.

**DOCTORS ARE LICENSED TO PRACTICE EXPERIMENTS.**

It is unpleasant, aye, it is painful, to know that there are those who are licensed to toy with the health and the lives of community; nor does it lessen our grief to learn that they charge as much to kill as cure our friend. They have invented an abundance of names for disease, but have learned the cause of only a few. He might quote Virgil, or read Ovid (for like the Catholic, he thinks that his god does not understand the language of the people); but who will say, can you tell me, of a doctor who has learning enough to treat a case, before he knows what's the matter?

**DOCTORS DON'T KNOW THE CAUSE OF DISEASE.**

What doctor has been wise enough to tell the cause of the diphtheria? Who has told of the cause of the consumption, the typhoid fever, the pneumonia, and a dozen other fevers? Who has told the cause, or cure, for catarrh, which we shall learn is the fountain head of almost every disease? They treat this as a mildew, that unsolicited calls in the night: when one with half an ear may know that the victim ardently urges a visit of that disease.

Have the doctors said that consumption was caused by a cold? They have launched wide into the field of guess. What is the proof they bring? Why the patient took cold, was sick, and took medicine six months before he had the consumption. This is only guess work. Why not as well guess it was the medicine which caused the consumption. I know a man who lost the use of his right arm by medicine.

I do not propose to guess the cause of consumption, and many other diseases, nor to leave the question in doubt.

When I say that colds are not the cause of nine tenths of the fevers, nor the diseases of the throat and lungs, I speak advisedly, and trust so well to ventilate the question that the hearers will concur with the speaker. When you learn what is the cause, you will say: "It is easy to avoid it, and far more agreeable." Correct this time.

#### HOW A MECHANIC CHANCED TO THINK AND STUDY THE CAUSE OF DISEASE.

I might here give a treatise upon diseases, but it will be the most agreeable to my plan to tell how it came that a poor mechanic chanced to think, and dared to study the laws of health.

Pictures have no form without light, and no color in the night. Were it not for the *reflection* of light, under the cloudless noon-day sun this world would be a globe of solid darkness. If man did not tell what he had learned, nor reflect his ideas, our intellectual horizon would be shrouded in Egyptian darkness. Had I been less diffident, I should long ago have forced my experience upon the audience; and told how I have gained an idea in one town, a thought in another, a little knowledge in one city, and a truth in another. I should have related my losses and crosses, and the temptations that I had endured, and been proud to prove my dogma true, by the great change in my feelings. There is no religion in feelings, nor merit in crosses. My timidity has hitherto deferred the ordeal of introducing that inconsiderable being, self, to your notice; and yet I can present the subject more readily, by a relation of the manner in which I was first impelled to think, and the thing which gave my thoughts the right direction in my pilgrimage in search of truth.

#### TAKE SNUFF FOR A COUGH.

In the fall of 1836, walking down Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y., while suffering with a bad cold (I never had of a good one), I was attacked with a violent fit of coughing. A gentleman passing at the time, said: "Take a pinch of snuff, that will cure you." Nothing loth to be rid of so tyrannical a cough, I obeyed the stranger and was relieved. Six months later, another cough recalled the specific, which was again effectual. Will a friend inquire, "Do you advocate snuff-taking? Is that the great panacea for health and longevity?"

Not a bit of it. Have patience; you shall hear more of that. Years passed, and as often as I had a cough so fre-



quent, did the stranger's recipe <sup>7</sup>proved salutary. It was that pinch of snuff which impelled me to investigate and seek for the *cause*, why the action of the nostrils should cure a cough. In other words, what has snuff to do with the lungs?

#### WHY DO YOU SNIFF?—THOUGHT NO. 1.

One day, while suffering from a cold, when reading the paper, I indulged in my accustomed "sniff." My wife kindly asked:

"Why do you pull that dirty stuff down into your mouth; why not blow your nose?"

Some have tauntingly said, that an act of Eve brought woe upon mankind, I trust that one of her daughters has been the means of a great benefit to her posterity.

"Why do you sniff?" was the question which first awakened a thought. I might years before have thought; but will confess that in youth, I did as every other body does, let the doctors do the thinking for me, and meekly bowed my neck for the same iron shackles, which the doctors have ready forged for all. The doctor was the oracle, his fiat was law, without asking, is it reasonable? Will I now do my own thinking? To start with, one thing is sure; it is not a delicate transaction to sniff in company, nor alone can it be called a tasty job. Is it a matter of taste, only? mayhap it has some relation to health. We will look at that side of the question. I have frequently had a cold, and as often as I have had a cold, so frequently have I had a cough. Let me see—did I ever cough before I sniffed? No, never; but the cough followed sniffing, as the harvest follows seed-time. If that is a sure thing every time, I must then believe that sniffing has a nearer relation to the cough than the cold. I will stop it. And so I did, but not in time to save a hard cough.

#### I BEGIN TO OBSERVE THE EFFECT OF SNIFFING UPON OTHERS.

If this be the effect of sniffing upon me, it may affect other people also. I will make a note of it. At this time, I was stopping in Detroit, Mich. In conversation with a gentleman; he remarked, "I am liable to bleed at the lungs."

I expressed surprise, that a man of his frame could have bad lungs.

"Ten months ago," he continued, "the doctors gave me up. I bled so fast, they said that I must die."

"Smith," said I, "did you not take cold before then?"

"Yes, a week before I had a bad cold, and my nose ran a stream."

"Did you have a cough at that time?"

"Not a bit. All at once my nose stopped, and then I began to cough, and soon to bleed at the lungs."

"What made it stop?"

"I don't know; but I do know that it got very sore."

"Yes, and so you would sniff, rather than blow your nose. It was that which stopped it, and the matter changed its course, and went on to your lungs: and only the most severe cough could save you from suffocating, by the accumulation of phlegm, it is now called: when discharged from the nose, it came by a different name. That great exertion caused a hemorrhage of the lungs. Sniffing was the cause of that sickness."

#### THE LUNG FEVER.

From Detroit I went to Toledo, where I met a gentleman with two small children. He told me that his wife had recently died of the lung fever.

"Did she take cold," I inquired, "before she had the fever?"

"Yes, a very bad cold, so that her nose ran awfully. Then all at once it stopped."

"What made it stop?"

"I don't know."

"Did n't she sniff?"

"What is that?"

"To draw air audibly up the nose."

"Yes, her nose went sore, and then she did that; and her nose stopped running, and she began to cough. Her lungs filled with phlegm, and in four days she died."

Was it accident, or was it Providence who guided my unfledged thought in search of Truth? O, that my steps may be led aright, that I may learn more of the hidden effects of that practice: and does sniffing in very deed cause sickness?

#### CAUSE OF BRONCHITIS.

Here is another sequence of this universal practice. See an elegant, hopeful young clergyman. He has had a call from the Lord to spend his life as a preacher, and he has passed three or five years in the vocation.

In another town he gives a specimen of his eloquence, by

reading a sermon, to learn if the Lord will call him to preach for a higher salary. On this eventful day he has a bad cold. He displays a fancy bit of cambric, and with a graceful motion passes it to his nose; then gives an audible sniff, followed by a motion of the glottis, as if eating a plum. Continue this practice, and that interesting matter from the head runs down the windpipe, inflames the bronchial tubes, and thus he obtains the bronchitis.

Those gentlemen are ordered to stop preaching, travel to Italy, or go South; but did you ever hear—I ask it all in confidence—did you ever hear a doctor teach one to stop sniffing?

#### THE REV. T. STAR KING.

With the Rev. T. Star King, the case was quite different. He was not showing off himself to get a higher bid. No, without standing on tip-toe to obtain a more lofty altitude, by his great usefulness, he had become famous, and was laboring with the zeal of an honest Christian. His whole soul was engaged in the effort to benefit his hearers. By his late change of climate he had taken a bad cold, and his nose ran profusely. He had no thought of displaying his fine cambric, nor in mid sermon could he stay to blow his nose, and had recourse to the common style of sniffing. That abundance of matter that should find a way of egress through the nostrils, was hauled back and dragged down his neck into his stomach, to mingle with his blood, and again to be circulated through his system. And so this poison was retained in the system until it had made its tenth or twentieth rotation, constantly increasing in volume, until the blood consisted of little else but that poison.

Then the pneumonia knocks at the door, and tells the gentleman that his labors on earth are done, and leads him into the spirit world.

Now, do you know what is the cause of the pneumonia, and have you learned why drugs can never cure a fully developed case of that sort of fever? When the whole person is in a state of decomposition—even a sensible doctor, if such were to be found, could not cure him. His days are numbered, and his life is finished.

#### THE BARE-FOOTED BOY; AND THE LAD ON THE VELVET CARPET.

Having learned what causes the pneumonia, I will invite you to look at the bare-footed urchin, upon the icy pavement, with his nose running the richest dirt. You say he has had a bad cold; and, though thinly clad, is getting well again. And so he is. ♪



Look again, see the lad nurtured upon the velvet carpet. He takes cold, and though he has the warmest clothing, and the most kind attention, he coughs severely. His throat is inflamed, the doctor is on hand with his powders. The lad grows worse. The doctor applies ice, and perhaps salt. The soul of the sufferer changes his mortal for his spiritual body. Parents are exhorted to be reconciled to Providence. Can they be taught to be reconciled to the doctors, and again to permit them to do to the helpless sick, that which would kill a well person? Why was it that the poor child braved the inclement weather with impunity, when the other is laid low, for the roses to grow over his grave? For the simple reason that the ragged innocent has never been taught to sniff, and never has violated the laws of nature, at the expense of decency, health, and an early grave; while the other was taught the impolite art of modern invention—the short hand mode of dispensing with the use of linen, and sniff rather than blow his nose, and be rid of the dirt.

**MRS. TROLLOPE SAID THAT THE AMERICANS SPIT.**

Mrs. Trollope, desiring to immortalize her name, said: the “Americans spit.” A most grievous fault. One afflicted with a cold may have read of the “American’s sin,” and so greatly desiring to be thought genteel, that they become indifferent about the stuff eaten; or, are they too lazy to spit? Whichever may be the reason, they will sniff, and drag loads of matter from the head; or cough and raise quantities of phlegm, still more disgusting, and then swallow the “broth of a bad cold!” to give it—the phlegm—another circuit through their system. This so poisons the person, that a fever must follow to close their career on earth.

All fevers which are preceded by a cold, though called by different names, because they take on different phases, are substantially the same. They are induced by the same process; and are developed according to the state of the system, and the mode of action while suffering from the cold.

**TYPHOID FEVER.**

Here is a case of the typhoid fever: In Covington, Kentucky, was a hopeful girl of sixteen summers, her father’s idol. She took cold, her head pained her much, she was quite sick. Then her nose would make bountiful discharges. Did she blow it, to be free of that matter? Not once. Her doating father has long been in the habit of sniffing, and so with an elder sister. The whole family are adepts in the practice. This young girl, not only sniffed, but swallowed

the "cream of the joke;" retaining the poison in her system, until a fever supervened (which the doctors called typhoid), and bore her to the tomb!

### THE DIPHTHERIA.

A gentleman, doing business in Cincinnati, had a daughter two years old, who took cold, and when her nose began to run, she was taught to sniff. (Very young to be taught that science.) Her throat and neck became inflamed. The doctor said she had the diphtheria. To the father I said, "children should be taught to blow their noses, and never permitted to sniff." This, and not the cold, had caused the sickness. The reply was: "Bridget, the servant, taught Ellen how to sniff." The teaching of Bridget did not stop there: the family were to suffer more from its effects. Two weeks later, a melancholy train followed a hearse, bearing the remains of a lad five years old; sick only three days with the same disease, and brought on in the same manner. There is no other road; there is no other way, under heaven, by which that disease can come. My lecture upon sniffing had no effect in that family; or, else the boy had so far obtained the habit, that only death could cure him?

### THE CONSUMPTION.

We have seen what causes the lung-fever, the typhoid, and any quantity of names for fevers, besides all of the throat diseases. We will now look at that most to be dreaded, most cruel disease—the consumption. It is worse, because a man's last days are his most precious moments, when one would desire health, and the full use of his faculties to "set his house in order," for the journey.

I had intended my search for the well-spring of health, without calling upon the great doctors to guide my steps; but here one volunteers his service freely; we will hear him.

A very scientific gentleman, Dr. Augustus A. Gould, of Boston, Massachusetts, ought to know all about it, living where it is the most prevalent. A review of his work teaches me that he has become so elevated that common sense is beyond his sounding. From his exalted position he can see no first step, not even that high-way, the only road leading to that disease. Has the reader obtained no consolation by reading his book? We look again, and learn:

"It matters little the form disease takes, if a man must die."

A culprit, on the gallows, might console himself with these very words, without going through a medical college!

We are further taught that a "consumption" "is the loss of vitality." How learned! Without seeing the inside of a college, a child might say, that "the loss of vitality is death."

Our doctor does give some intelligence, if every body did not know it before.

"The lumbermen of Maine are not half so much affected by this disease as the merchants of Boston, because their style of living is different."

His argument would make one choose to avoid civilization, and "all the conveniences of life," for fear that the consumption will attend it. It would be as relevant for him to dissuade you from going to church, because a sinner went a fishing and was drowned.

Every body knew that the consumption is more common in Boston than in Maine; but every body don't know the reason. The learned doctor gives what is no reason at all, leaving the question in the dark!

If the doctor had told us what city comforts cause the disease, we would profit by it, for even the rich would forego one joy to avoid it. Shall we ask him what convenience of life causes the disease? Is it the elegant parlor, fine carriage, Wilton carpet, instead of the rag? Is it the downy bed for shucks, or chocolate for crust coffee? Or is it the beautiful garden of flowers and fruits, that cause sickness?

Here, let me inquire, when "Mr. Cough" comes to the victim, will he ask, "Were you sitting upon an upholstered chair or a mill-log, when you sent for me?"

Here I make my first and last guess. I reckon that "Mr. Cough" pays so little deference to persons, that he will not care whether the man rode in a carriage or on a log-sled. "Mr. Cough" will answer a call from the poor as soon as the rich, if they are foolish enough to send for him.

Our learned doctor gives no reason why the consumption should prevail more in cities, unless it is refinement, and leaves the question where he found it—in darkness!

Will not observation and reason, guided by common sense, furnish some light upon this dark subject?

#### GENTLEMEN IN CARRIAGES.

Gentlemen who have expensively-furnished parlors, and who ride in elegant carriages, are as liable to take cold as the man riding on a log-sled. If each were in health before the cold, it will affect them much alike. As soon as the poison begins to be discharged from the nose, they begin to regain health. The log-man finds it convenient to blow his

nose in the wide woods, and drive on his oxen. The rich man has his face muffled with a shawl; therefore, it is not so convenient to blow his nose; and more than all, that would be vulgar. It is fashionable to sniff, and our victim sniffs. The effect of this is a severe cough. As often as he takes a cold, so frequently does he sniff, and a long cough follows. This induces the catarrh, and a few years pass, when the doctors tell the gentleman that he has the consumption.

#### THE BOOK-KEEPER.

Another gentleman is a book-keeper, who has taken cold, standing at the desk balancing his books. He can not stop in the middle of a column of figures to blow his nose, and he sniffs, as did the other. This is what makes him cough, and a frequent repetition of it, will eventuate in the consumption. The muffled gentleman, riding in his carriage, and the book-keeper at his desk, sniff for convenience; and it is not the least disgusting part to know, that after sniffing, each swallows the "broth of a bad cold;" thus committing a twofold violence upon the laws of health. They create the catarrh in the head, and retain the poison of a bad cold in their person; either of which is sufficient to invite a fever, or the more cruel consumption—to bear them away.

#### SLENDER PERSONS ARE THE MOST LIABLE TO CONSUMPTION.

In all countries, as well out of Boston as in it, slender forms, with narrow chests, are said to be most liable to consumption. The reason why is, they have less energy to combat with the cause of disease, and scarcely force enough to get up a fever, to make their sudden exit. They take cold as others may; they sniff as others do, until they have a confirmed catarrh. Then, without the effort of sniffing, that rich matter runs into their lungs. They cough and continue it. Their lungs become diseased from the load of poison they have to receive. This renders them a bad laboratory for purifying the blood. The victims lose flesh, grow feeble, and the doctor says, that they are in the first stage of the consumption! He is wrong again. The patient is now in the last stage, and may make arrangements for the closing scene. The first stage of the consumption is the catarrh.

To cure the consumption, some very benevolent person has furnished the victim with a gas to be inhaled. Will this cleanse the lungs? Ask the scavenger if he can cleanse a cesspool with a bellows? Would I prefer drugs? Unless I would urge the patient's exit. What is the sense of giving



medicine? O! but you have heard of a balsam, or a sirup, that will loosen the phlegm. Granted, that it will rid the lungs of all the phlegm. What's the good of that? To-morrow they will have another load just as heavy. The cause of the consumption is not removed; no, nor even looked at. As well you may attempt to cure a corn while wearing a tight boot, as to give medicine for the consumption, while the victim has the catarrh, and continues to sniff.

#### IS CONSUMPTION HEREDITARY?

Is the consumption hereditary? I will tell you how it is so, and how it ought not so to be. It is not so, because the parents have for two or five years been coughing themselves to the grave. No, not that; but meet the parents upon the street, or in the parlor, and you will hear them interline their cough with a sniff. Their child may take cold. What parents teach their young child to blow the nose? The child has no sense and sniffs, because this was early taught him. Indeed, the earliest lullaby note he heard was that same nasal tone, inviting him to an early tomb! This is how it is hereditary. And now, I'll tell how it ought to be. As you value the life of the child, let him never hear that voice from the grave. Early teach him to blow his nose when he has a cold, and he will never learn to sniff—never have that disease. Mark my word, he can not have it until he has sniffed himself into the catarrh. This is what induces the cough. What brings that awful disease to the patient?

#### CAUSE AND EFFECT.

We have seen that the cause of fevers and diseases of the lungs was essentially the same. The temperament and habits of the person decide how the affair will terminate.

Having taken a cursory look at diseases, we will now see how these great evils are to be avoided.

This is the most pleasing part of our study. Will it not be especially agreeable to young ladies, who now have a beautiful rose-tint upon their fair cheeks? Would they retain the pencilings of the handiwork of their Maker to a ripe old age? Or, will they let it fade to a sallow hue, which no doctor can render lovely, nor any cosmetic beautify.

The vocalist, whose wealth is his voice, will find this greatly pleasing. They have but to observe the laws of health, to retain their voice, until age invites them to retire from public life.

Think how delightful would life now be, and what an agreeable circle of friends would now surround you, if those fatal diseases had passed their doors? Let us take counsel by experience, and may it please goodness that we live to a good old age, of use to others, and honorable to ourselves.

#### WHAT WAND SHALL WE USE?

The question from every heart now is, "What wand shall we use to make these diseases pass our doors? I hope that you will not, like Naaman the Syrian, prefer the waters of "Abana and Pharpar" (the Allopathy and Homeopathy) to the river Jordan, my simple amulet. Nor, like the Syrian, expect me to ask you to do some great thing.

It was a very simple thing that Dr. Franklin did, after he had learned the laws of electricity. To guard his house, he erected a "conductor." We have a "conductor" ready fitted up for use. We have but to know what it is; and then learn how to use it.

#### MEMBRANE TO PURIFY THE BLOOD.

We will now look at this conductor, see how diseases are induced, and then learn how to use that machine, so as to repel disease.

That prominent and oft abused organ, the nose, now invites our attention. This truthful feature, sure index of character, is the conductor, the flood-gate by which to dispose of colds and to pass the fever by. Fix this deeply in your mind, and a kingdom would not tempt you again to sniff.

When a person takes cold the pores of the skin are closed, the stomach is deranged, and the blood obtains an accumulation of impurity. When the blood becomes foul, could life continue, we would mortify, or begin to decompose, even in life. To prevent this, and to avoid the necessity of a fever, our Maker has kindly provided an organ to cleanse the blood from that dangerous affection. Back and above the nose is a membrane as essential to health as the lungs or liver. This membrane, or organ, imbibes and takes from the blood that impurity which causes sickness. This mucus is deposited in a reservoir, pond, or lake—call it by whatever name you please—I choose to avoid all technical phrases; not desiring the fame that a darkey gave a minister, who "said so many great words that none could understand him." I hope to present the subject in language that none can mistake.

To return to the reservoir, over which the breath passes. Its size I cannot tell, but am sure that it is not small in some

heads. I shall not attempt a description of its form or shape—having never been up there—but, when having a cold, after taking a pinch of rappee, I have had positive reports from that place. The outlets of this reservoir are the nostrils. When the nose commences a free discharge, we reckon the person is recovering from the cold. (I speak of those who have never practiced sniffing.) That this mucus is a rank poison, is proven by its soon rendering the nose sore. When this organ becomes sore we sniff, to avoid the use of the handkerchief: when we have sniffed a short time, the nose stops running, and then we begin to cough. Therefore, it was the sniffing and not the cold which caused the cough. The pinch of snuff, that I was desired to take, gave me a good sneeze. By a good sneeze I mean, let your nose do the job: keep a close lip, do not sneeze through your teeth, it might damage them. That sneeze set the machine to running again: and when the matter is discharged from the nose, you have no use for the cough. You have now learned why the stranger's recipe, in Rochester, was a benefit to me; but do not sniff for the sake of the snuff. You might carry the joke too far, and sniff yourself into the consumption!

The continued act of sniffing contracts, better say elevates, the outlets; so that when your head is full, you may blow till your eyes start; your breath passes over the little pond without ruffling the contents; but sniff, and that interesting matter goes tumbling backward. Continue the habit of sniffing, and, whether asleep or awake, that mucus, a rank poison, in a small but continuous stream, goes back and down the windpipe. When that matter begins to descend, it irritates and inflames all it comes in contact with (a positive proof that it is poison), which immediately swell, and the throat becomes sore. If the person is of a fine fabric, of delicate texture, the disease increases until the doctor calls it the diphtheria. This is rather a new word among us common folks: and we will ask the doctor, "What does that mean?"

He answers: "Inflammation of the mucous membrane of the fauces, with swelling, etc."

We all know of the swelling, but not the meaning of those hard words. Please, will you tell us what has caused the swelling?

"Ah!—um!—I!—the faculty are not agreed on that point."

Just as I expected. He knows no more the cause of that affection than the Chinaman does of the Greek Testament. As he don't know "what" is the cause, he has no rule to govern his work, and is now in for experiment. The last heard of was ice,—very good to preserve a corpse.

A person of a coarser temperament is less susceptible to foreign matter; will let it flow down the windpipe, to find a lodgment in the lungs. This is the way that phlegm accumulates. It is not manufactured there. These organs have no tools for such dirty work. It is from necessity that they become a receptacle of that filth. A cough comes to relieve the lungs of that load of foreign matter.

When, by the continued act of sniffing, one has made such an arrangement in his head, that with every cold, that matter runs down the windpipe, we may safely say that he has the catarrh. When you have this disease, well located, you may be sure that it will never leave you: never forsake you, so long as your head has organs that can not be viewed by the outer world. I repeat it, the catarrh can no more be cured than a withered hand, or a club foot. I say this, when every paper has an advertisement for "catarrh snuff," and warranted too. So costly is this, that you can buy only one fortieth of an ounce for twenty-five cents. This is supposed to be as good, though not half so pleasant, as rappee, costing two hundred times less.

#### THE EFFECTS OF THE CATARRH.

I have said that colds are *not the cause* of fevers; nor the diseases of the throat: also, I proposed to learn why nine tenths of the community have lost their health. Here it is. One may have forty colds, but no disease until they get the catarrh! With every cold most people have practised sniffing, until they have afflicted themselves with this disease: and then all of those diseases, and many others follow it, but never precede it.

When the catarrh is obtained, it affects people according to their constitution and habits. The young, of lymphatic temperament, and children, are most liable to the diphtheria: a sore throat, in a more violent form. Adults will talk of their "cold on the chest." Because there is where the foul matter goes. These victims may be known by the sound of their voice; also, by their countenance, which has changed its healthful, blooming color for a pale, sombre hue. This is how young ladies part with their roses. They are never healthy, never well a day.

With every slight cold they have a bad cough: and may be a sore throat, swollen face, or a fever. With some more unfortunate, the cough never leaves, until the day that his measure is sent for a box.



## HOW WE SHOULD MANAGE.

We have seen the fatal effects of the "back action" of this machine. Well do we know that the catarrh is the only cause of all the fevers that are preceded by a cold. To young ladies who are not anxious to have their roses early fade, I would say, sniff not in company, because it is not pretty; nor alone, because it is distasteful. Avoid a little sniff as you would avoid a great disease. Then you can teach the world that the bloom of American ladies is as lasting as the English dames, and far more beautiful. Think of this when you have a cold, and your roses of forty summers will have as fair a bloom as most girls of twenty now possess.

On this subject it would seem unnecessary to add more than barely to say, when you have a cold, that membrane which we looked at, will soon begin to cleanse the blood. Let your nose run until all the foul matter is gone. You will then have no cough, no fever, and no diphtheria. This is the way that common folks do, until their nose gets sore. That was my style; and then I sniffed because I knew not that it was harmful. My last job at that, was so long continued that I can never again see a well day. Having learned some of the evils of that act, to relieve one of an excuse to sniff, I will say, when your nose gets inflamed by the poison, steep some lobelia in water, or make a tincture of it, to be applied to the parts affected.

## THE DOCTORS SAY, STUFF A COLD AND STARVE A FEVER.

The doctors say, "stuff a cold and starve a fever." That is just what should not be done. When you have a cold, eat not until hungry, and ever keep your appetite good. If your head feels pressed, and the nose declines to run, take a pinch of rappee, to excite the organs. Bayberry bark and lobelia, mixed, make a good snuff for this purpose, or the catarrh, as has been discovered. Remember, you will have no cough until it comes from sniffing.

Speaking of that habit, a gentleman said to me:

"I always cough with the slightest cold, and yet I never sniff."

Before leaving his office I said, you have done that thing five times since you said, "never."

"Well, yes, I did that; but I was careful not to swallow the dirt."

**COLDS ARE NOT THE CAUSE OF FEVERS.**

It is not the cold, but the retention of that poison in the system, which invites fevers. Is there one too indolent to think? He will say, "humbug;" and is relieved from thought or care. The thoughtful will take the question under advisement, and learn that none have fevers, originating from a cold, until after inviting it by sniffing, and none before! (I speak of those who have not the catarrh.) Is not this sufficient evidence of its evil effects! Is there one who calls for more proof? Try the experiment, and you will lose health, and may find an early grave! The only possible way that a cold can prove fatal is, it must be so violent as to paralyze the mucous membrane. I think this was never done. However, to be entirely safe; with a severe cold take warming drinks, to cause perspiration, and you will soon be right.

I did not intend to prescribe medicine: but I will say, to that man who has the catarrh, and with every cold is liable to a sore throat: For this make a little swab, wet it with tincture of lobelia; put this into your mouth, and as far down your throat as convenient; make an external application of the same; and you will need to ask no doctor to apply ice for the diphtheria!

**THE CROUP.**

The croup in infants, a very dangerous disease, proceeds from the same cause as the diphtheria. When the child lies upon its back, the nose has no chance to discharge the dirt. The poison runs back and down its neck, without the aid of the catarrh, nor staying to sniff.

This inflames its neck and obstructs its breathing. This being of the same nature as the diphtheria, the same remedy is applicable. If the croup does not follow the cold, a cough is sure. The little innocent has not learned to spit, and must swallow the phlegm it raises. To neutralize that poison, and cause it to leave the system, a tea made of lobelia, is the best medicine yet discovered. With infants, be cautious, and especially guard against taking cold, before they are old enough to be taught how to treat the

**"CREAM OF THE JOKE."**

My engagement was to speak of health, and how to avoid disease. I will not, like some politicians, ask a vote, to learn if these truths are agreeable, and my effort has been

successful. Let calm reflection lead you to profit by this new view of the cause of disease. As you value health and years, when you have a cold, use the conductor which God has made, and in no case, for an instant, reverse the laws of nature, and fill your frames with disease.

#### A WORD MORE FOR OUR DOCTORS.

I have known some doctors of long practice, whom I think were Christians, if Christianity is not yet extinct. "It is hard to teach old dogs new tricks;" therefore I could do them no good. The young doctor has exhausted his means to get his trade; of course, he will not give me a hearing; nor, if possible, allow the people to entertain a thought on the preservation of health, unless human nature has greatly changed. Eighteen hundred years ago, the Priests did not receive the teaching of the Carpenter's Son. That would have deprived them of an easy living, which would hurt their feelings. Thus will the doctors of to-day repel these truths; because, so soon as the people get a glimpse of them, nineteen-twentieths of the faculty will have with the Moor to say:

"Othello's occupation is gone."

## PERORATION.

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In the short time allowed me, I have done what I could to present before the hearer the *cause* of disease in its true light. My only regret is, that I am not able to present the subject in colors so vivid as to astonish, while it converts the world from that fatal practice. Will the theme, so greatly important, obtain your reflection? I ask no more. A thought only is needed, by those who have not lost the rose from their cheeks, to insure them in health to live, until our Good Father calls them to a more exalted sphere.

## REFLECTION.

It is pleasing to believe that the day is not far distant, when all of those diseases shall have left our land. People will then look back to the short-lived race of to-day, and with pity say: "Your early death came neither by the hand of Providence, nor the finger of the devil. Your lives were crushed out by that vile habit, now known no more!" O, who would not be joyful, if from Pisgah's top he could behold the delightful future? See the rosy cheek of health and age combined! Man will then continue in a life of *use*, until the angels come and lift his spiritual body from the worn-out frame. Then it is cast aside, as the butterfly leaves its old covering in oblivion, to float upon the summer breeze, its heaven of bliss.









